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THE
ACTOR OF ALL WORK;

OR,

THE FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR.

A FARCE.

IN ONE ACT.

With the Comic Song of
THE PICTURE OF A LONDON PLAY-HOUSE,

as introduced by

MR. MATHEWS,

AT THE

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

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NEW-YORK:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Velenspeck,	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Manager of a} \\ \text{Country Theatre,} \end{array} \right\}$	MR. FOOT,
Alexander,	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{A boy attend-} \\ \text{ing Multiple,} \end{array} \right\}$	Master BLAKELY,
Multiple, a Strolling Actor,		MR. MATHEWS,
Mathew Stuffy, a Prompter,		MATHEWS,
French Tragedian.		MATHEWS,
Robin Scrawky,	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{a Northumbri-} \\ \text{an Apprentice,} \end{array} \right\}$	MATHEWS,
Andrew M'Sillergrip,	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{a Scotch} \\ \text{Pannbro-} \\ \text{ker,} \end{array} \right\}$	MATHEWS,
Mrs. M'Sillergrip, wife to Andrew,		MATHEWS,
Drunken Coachman,		MATHEWS.

THE ACTOR OF ALL WORK.

*Enter MULTIPLE, in front of the drop curtain,
reading a letter.*

Mul. “Dear Sir,—it will be impossible for me to comply with your request for an engagement at my Theatre, as I have doubts whether you possess sufficient versatility of genius to be useful in my corps.

“Yours, to command,
“*Timothy Velenspeck.*”

Very pretty, upon my word; so here I'm refus'd an engagement—rejected—and scorned;—treated with contempt, on the score of usefulness, too, and by whom?—by the manager of a paltry country play house, not much bigger than a pig-stye.—I that have been received with applause in theatres royal—play'd the hero in the tragedy—low comedy in the farce—sung between the acts, and danc'd a hornpipe between the pieces. *Me* to be refused an engagement! Confusion!—Death to my hopes! “Down, busy devil, down!” Thou, “King of shreds and patches,” I'll have revenge. I have it! I'll be even with him, however. I'll go to him in different cha-

racters. He'll not know me under the various disguises I'll assume. I have a tolerable wardrobe, and a friend, who lives next door to him, will allow me to make use of his house (which is so situated that I can easily slip from it into the manager's room) for that purpose. I will thus force an engagement, and then laugh at him.—What, ho! Alexander!—Alexander, I say!

Enter ALEXANDER, (a little boy,) with a bundle of clothes.

Alex. Here I am, sir.

Mul. Now, Alexander, Emperor of the Greeks and Romans, attend to me. Alexander, my boy, (*laying his hand on his head*) you are now too big to act Cora's child, and therefore I have made you my man-servant. But Alexander, my hero, depend upon it, that when I get an engagement for myself, I will look after one for you.

Alex. Thank you, sir.

Mul. You shall play the parts of Cupids, Shampanzas, and Imps.

Alex. Thank you, sir.

Mul. "Give me the man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart of hearts; yea, in my heart's core, Horatio!" Shall I, who keep a man-servant, be refused an engagement by a——. Go, Alexander, bundle off with my bundle to my friend Gypsum, next door to Velenspeck's;—run—vanish—go!

Alex. I am gone, sir; I fly. [*Exit.*

Mul. Now for imposing on Manager Vel.—"Limbs do your office, and support me well; bear me to him, then fail me if you can." But should I fail? I'll try, however. Oh! there are no pleasures like those of a play house; and there's no living within or without one. [*sings,*

[SONG.—*Picture of a Play-house.*]

Of a playhouse, in a playhouse, a playhouse I sing,
 'Tis my subject, my pride, and my judge;
 For having exhausted each theme you can bring,
 Now to laugh at ourselves we don't grudge.

We'll suppose you arriv'd at the box or pit entry,
 Ten hands are thrust into your coach;
 After the jostle's so great between the police and SENTRY,
 'Tis a CENTURY before you approach.

[Spoken, in different voices.] Choice fruit, or a bill
 of the play.—Buy a bill of a poor boy, sir, you'll
 want one when you get into the house.—Where are
 you squeezing to?—Take care of this lady, will you?
 —I'm sure I can't help it, while they keep crowding
 behind.—Bless me, sir, how sharp your elbows are!—
 Excuse me, ma'am, but it's you're so very fat, that's
 the reason.—Box tickets for six shillings; take two in
 the pit, and save a shilling.—I say, you Bill, where
 have you got to?—Oh! I'm under this here fat gentle-
 man's legs, papa.—Gallery tickets for eighteen pence;
 if you have more tickets than you want, sir, I'll buy
 them of you.—Sare, you will hav de goodness to in-
 form me if dis is Drury Lane, or de Garden Common.
 —This is Covent Garden, sir, Drury Lane is moved
 into Bridges-street: Drury Lane used to be in the
 Strand.—I remember Drury Lane in the Haymarket.
 —Ha, ha! there's a bull!—A bull! bless me, where?
 —What a shame to let those mad creatures run about
 the street.—Come, come along, Mary: where are you?
 —I've lost my shoes!—Shoo, shoo! never mind that;
 push on, there's plenty of room.—Where?—In my
 pockets, for you've got both your hands there.—How
 dreadful hot it is!—Back, back there! the pit's full!
 —Ah! that's always the case at this house: they fill
 the pit before the doors are opened.—Well, then,
 where are you driving to?—Oh,

I'm going to the play,
 Where, with spirits so gay,
 Wit, music, and harmony mingle.

Ere the boxes are fill'd, in the lobbies you meet,
Where e'en ladies themselves bear the brunt;
And squeezing thro' numbers, to get a good seat,
Are crowded all round to the front.

The pit parties ramble all over the place,
Till they're seated at ease, great and small,
While the gallery guests fill the benches apace,
And with discord for harmony bawl.

[Spoken.] Halloo! you catgut scrapers! strike up, there, will you?—Rule Britannia!—Moll in the Wad!—Down, down!—Hats off!—Silence!—Down in front!—That fellow, now, bawling out silence, makes more noise than all the rest of them.—Apples, pears, oranges, nuts, cakes, bill of the performances, book of the songs.—Come, get up, there, sir, that's my seat.—I say it's not your seat.—Yes, it is; I was sitting next to that there lady with the brandy-bottle; I've only been out to get a drop of **ANISEED**.—**ANY SEAT?** I tell you there's not any seat here.—Sir, I'll be very much obliged to you, if you'll let my little girl stand up—she never was at a play before:—there, my dear, take care you don't tumble over into the pit.—Law! mamma, is it full of water?—Pretty dear! what an innocent remark!—Mrs. Fillagree's places; five young ladies, and their mamma!—Dear me, ma', if there an't two gentlemen got our seats!—Well, I declare, that's vastly ungenteel, after I came all the way myself, yesterday, to take places.—Permit me, ma'am, to speak to them?—I'm sure, sir, you're vastly polite.—Come out of that, then, will you!—What do you mean, sir?—Come out of this, then!—Out of this, and out of that! I don't understand you!—Och! then, I must be after making a taylor of my fist, and taking measure of you for a black eye.—I'm keeping this seat for a gentleman, and I sha'nt give it up.—First act over!—There, sir, the first act's over; you can't keep seats any longer; you must give it up.—Must I?—Yes, you must.—Then, like some other people, I'll resign when I'm obliged to turn out.—Move that **SHAWL**!—I **SHALL** not.—Take away that **RIPPET**.—I'll **TIP** it to you, if you do.—These are puns, I suppose:—a man that would make a pun, would pick a pocket: what do

you think?—Why, sir, I don't know what to think, I'm taken exceedingly ill, I should like to get out.—What did you pay for coming in?—Seven shillings, sir.—Offer them half a guinea, I dare say they'll let you out.—Shut that box-door.—I can't come in, and I'm sure I shan't go out.—Box-keeper, shut that door, take away this man, and bring me a gentleman:—why don't you do as I ordered you? bring me a gentleman.—Sir, I've been all round the lobby, and I can't find one.—What vulgarity! I remember Mr. Garrick; in his time, there was some ORDER in the house!—Sir, if you were to ask the managers, you'd find they had ORDERS enough in the house now.—What's the play? Blue Devils, sir.—Oh, we have plenty of them at home—Devil among the taylor's.—Sir, that's a personal reflection.—Sir, how should I know you were a taylor?—Sir, there's my card: come, no shuffling; Chalk Farm!—Chalk faces?—Leave off that noise, will you? it's very odd that some people will talk, and disturb other people, who come to hear what the people say upon the stage.—What did you come for?—Come for?—why,

I came to see the play,
Where, with spirits so gay,
Wit, music, and harmony mingle.

The performance done, with smiles and with laughter,
Each countenance is sure to be lit up;
For if haply the first piece is tragic, the after
Is sure to change grief to a tit-up.

And now, one by one, all our lights cease to burn,
While the company they go out too;
Yet, like stars, we must hope, they go out to return,
For to us, there are no stars like you.

[Spoken.] Coach to the City.—Coach unhired.—Four shillings to Hyde Park Corner—Three and sixpence to Tottenham Court Road.—Want a coach, your honour?—Yes.—What number?—One, to be sure; that's enough at once.—Coach to St. Mary AXE.—Are you hired?—AX about.—Take that fellow's number; take his number; he is the most impertinent fellow under all the P—n's.—Take my number! you may

take my name, too, if you like ; I'm Saucy Dick—used to drive the long Isleworth. Remember the poor link-boy, your grace.—Out of the way, you graceless dog !—Pray my, lord duke !—There's two-pence for you.—You a duke ? you're a rum duke, then !—Drive to DUKE'S Place.—Well, Thomas, have you got a coach ?—No, sir : I've been all down the Strand, and up to Charing Cross, and can't get one.—Bless me ! I shall catch my death of cold, only got thin shoes, and no shawl !—Well, well, it's your own fault ; all pride ought to dress for the weather.—I'm very sorry to say, my lady, your carriage is broke, the pannels drove in, and your arms—Oh, dear ! my arms destroyed, my lord ; think of that !—Never mind, make use of mine, my lady.—Well, ma'am, how have you been entertained ?—Very well, sir, thank you ; and my little girl has been quite pleased ; never was at a playhouse before !—Did you like it, my love ?—Oh, yes, sir, very much indeed : she'll have it all off to-morrow morning, quite perfect, every word.—And what did you see, my dear ?—Oh, sir, there was a gentleman sung a song so bad, they made him sing it all over again.—Infantine simplicity ! what a pretty remark !—And, pray, which did you like best ? Oh, sir, the song.—

What, the song about the play,
Where, with spirits so gay,
Wit, music, and harmony mingle ? [EXIT.]

(Curtain rises and discovers Velenspeck seated at a table with a letter in his hand. The scene is so constructed as to exhibit an upper room, with a toilet-table, dressing-glass, &c. &c. ; two practicable doors lead to different stair-cases. Velenspeck is seated in the lower room.)

Vel. Here I am, in a pretty pickle ! Bills stuck up all over the town, and not a performer ready. Let me read over Pennyless', the 'Treasurer's letter, once more : (reads.)

“ Dear Sir,—I write to give you information

respecting the actors you had engaged. The gentleman who was to do the fops, has been put under three month's arrest. "The child of nature" is in the straw, and the walking gentleman has walked away. Your first tragedian has been tapp'd on the shoulder, and your harlequin tapp'd for the dropsy. Lady Townley is keeping a chandler's shop, and your country boy is superannuated. You will please send me money enough to pay for an outside place on the coach.

"Yours, &c.

"Peter Pennyles."

Walk in !

(A knock at the door.)

Enter MULTIPLE, as MATHEW STUFFY.

Pray, Sir, who are you, and what do you want ?

Stuff. I came here, Sir, to—(sneezes most violently.)

Vel. You came here to what, sir ?

Stuff. I walt to get (sneezes) al elgagemelt.

Vel. A what ?

Stuff. Al employmelt as a—(sneezes) as a player.

Vel. Oh ! as a player; why what is your name, pray ?

Stuff. My lame is (sneezes) Mathew (sneezes) Stuffy. (I see he does not suspect me.) (Aside) I klew the immortal (sneezes) Mr. Garrick, dead ald deceased, lolg ago.

Vel. Why, Mr. Stuffy, you seem to have a bad cold.

Stuff. Yes ; (sneezes) I catch'd it before I was borl (sneezes)

Vel. Indeed ! that was early in life to have your calamities begin ; how did it happen ?

Stuff. Why, my mother catch'd cold (*sneezes*) going to see the immortal Mr. Garrick, dead and deceased, play—(*sneezes*)

Vel. Well, I wish you would enter upon the case at once, and open your business, for I'm in a hurry.

Stuff. (*Opening his snuff-box.*) There I have opened my (*sneezes*) box—and it will clear my head—

Vel. Of stupidity I hope ;—I believe snuff is sometimes of service that way.

Stuff. Yes ; will you take some ? (*offering his box,*) it may do you a deal of—(*sneezes*) good.—The immortal Mr. Garrick sometimes (*sneezes*)

Vel. Damn the fellow ; tell me at once, what line of characters you wish to engage for—tragedy ?

Stuff. Lo ; I could do (*sneezes*) tragedy, but when I attempt to raise my voice, (*sneezes*) squeak—so I can't (*sneezes*) be heard.

Vel. Can you sing ?

Stuff. Yes, very well, only for two things.

Vel. Well, pray, what are they ?

Stuff. Want of ear and want of voice. (*sneezes*)

Vel. Why to be sure, they are formidable objections ; then how is it for comedy ? Harlequin and opera dancing is out of the question.

Stuff. (*Sneezes.*) Why, comedy I despise, and buffoonery is beneath my notice. (*Sneezes.*)

Vel. What the Devil would you engage for, then, if neither tragedy, comedy, nor opera suits you ?

Stuff. Why, as a (*sneezes*) prompter.

Vel. A prompter !

Stuff. Yes, Sir, Nature has fitted me for a prompter. (*sneezes.*)

Vel. Nature fitted you for a prompter ! how, pray ?

Stuff. Why don't you see how I squint.

Vel. Squint ! ha, ha, I see you squint enough, in all conscience ; but pray what has that to do with prompting ?

Stuff. Ah ! I see the art has been lost ever since the immortal Mr. Garrick, dead and deceased, is gone ; why, pray, unless a man squints, how can he keep one eye of the book and the other at the players ?

Vel. Ha ! ha ! upon my word, I never thought of that, ha ! ha ! but pray Mr. Stuffy, have you any other extraordinary qualification with which Nature has furnished you ?

Stuff. Yes, I (*sneezes*) have a mouth.

Vel. A mouth ! why how could a prompter possibly do without a mouth to speak with ? what other organ of communication can there possibly be between the prompter and the player ?

Stuff. Why, there is no use for a prompter to (*sneezes*) bawl and squall so that the audience can hear. The immortal Mr. Garrick, dead and deceased, never would let a prompter (*sneezes*) speak.

Vel. No ! why, pray, how did he manage, then ?

Stuff. Why when I was prompter (*sneezes*) under the immortal Mr. Garrick, dead and deceased, I did it all by (*sneezes*) motion.

Vel. By motion !

Stuff. Yes, Sir, (*sneezes*) by motions, thus—“ Now is the witching time of night” (*sneezes*)

Vel. Oh, ay, “ Now is the witching time of

night, when church-yards yawn, and goblin's damn the sight."

Stuff. Very well, (*sneezes*) very well, indeed; but low, (*sneezes*) low suppose the actor (*sneezes*) walted the word yawl, thel I would (*yawns*) (*sneezes*) that does better thal bawling out yawl! (*sneezes*)

Vel. Ha! ha! ha! If yawning would answer, I am afraid most audiences would frequently supply the place of prompter.

Stuff. You see I have talets that are—(*sneezes*)

Vel. Not to be sneezed at, you mean to say.

Stuff. Well Sir, you had better slap me up. (*sneezes*)

Vel. Snap you up, I suppose you mean?

Stuff. I said so; I said slap me up. (*sneezes*)

Vel. Well, well, call in upon me to-morrow, and I will give you an answer.

Stuff. Well, (*going*) but (*sneezes*) you had better slap me up low, (*at the door*) (*sneezes*) you had better slap me up low, you will lever see my like again.

Vel. No, that I never shall, I'll be bound. (*aside*) Call to-morrow, call to-morrow.

Stuff. You had better slap me up low; (*sneezes*) the immortal Mr. Garrick— [*Exit, talking.*]

Vel. Well, I do not know that I can do better than engage this Mathew Stuffy; he seems to have a high veneration for the great Garrick.

Enter MULTIPLE, as French Tragedian. (*Walks round the stage, while Velenspeck stands in the front corner staring at him, who at last moves so as to meet Frenchman.*)

French. (*Making a low bow.*) Serviteur, monsieur.

Vel. Good day, sir; what is your pleasure?

French. Sare, I want Monsieur le Directeur de theatre; are you she?

Vel. She! Oh, yes, I am indeed literally director of the theatre, having nothing else but the walls and scenery to direct; for I have no performers.

French. N'importe. [Here Multiple, as the Frenchman, informs the manager that he is a tragedian, and will enable him to roll in silver and gold.]

Vel. Indeed! how, pray?

French. [By violent gesticulation, mimics various musical instruments, and advises the manager to give concerts gratis.]

Vel. Give concerts gratis! and how will that make me roll in silver and gold?

French. [Intimates that he will give recitations, for which the audience will pay, and have the concert for nothing.]

Vel. Oh, I understand;—a good idea; so you mean that, under the idea of attending a concert gratis, an audience will be induced to pay for hearing you recite, and then we are to go snacks?

French. Snakes! I do not understand dat snakes;—what you mean by snakes?

Vel. Why, that we shall divide the money.

French. A ha! me understand;—you mean so, (*mimics*) so I sa! have two snakes and you one snakes. ha?

Vel. Exactly; in this country, *talents* are encouraged; distinguished foreigners are certain of meeting with support; *here*, it is the *artist* that is looked at, not his country;—but sir, will you please to give me some specimens of your

talents ;—some example of your manner in recitations.

French. [Appears with difficulty to comprehend the manager's meaning ; at length he pretends to understand, and agrees to recite a speech.]

Vel. What play will you select a speech from ?

French. Hamla.

Vel. Hamla ! you mean Hamlet, Hamlet.

French. Non ; Hamla, it is.

Vel. Why, I should know ; we have the play ; it was written by my great countryman Shakespeare.

French. Non, non ; he did take it from Ducis, Ducis did write it.

Vel. Well, have it your own way.

French. I will give you one speech from Ducis' Hamla.

Vel. Hamlet.

French. Nou ; Hamlet for you—Hamla for me.

Vel. Well, well ; go on.

French. [Informs the manager that after he has recited he shall abruptly leave him, and call again ; he then asks the manager if he has an urn. The manager brings on a tea-urn.]

French. O sacra ! mon Dieu ! what is that ? you make breakfast ?

Vel. Did you not ask me for an urn ? (*throws a piece of crape over it.*)

French. Bou. [In imitation of Talma, gives a few lines from Hamlet, the purport of which is 'Sombre and dismal urn, which contains the ashes of my father ! Oh heaven ! how my heart bleeds !—But it inspires me with vengeance,' &c. [*Exit.*

Enter MULTIPLE, as SCRAWKY, running in as pursued, with a bundle under his arm. Thro' the whole of this scene Scrawky speaks with a strong Northumbrian dialect, which displays wonderful powers of imitation, speaking as if he had a burr in his throat, and very quick.

Scraw. (Almost out of breath, with an awkward bow.) Are yees the manager of the play-house?

Vel. Yes, sir, I am, and who are you?

Scraw. I am a young mon with a strong propensity, (looking round anxiously,)—I hope they won't catch me—a great ideer for the stage; I play the lovely Monimia—

Vel. Ha, ha, you look very like the lovely Monimia, indeed! but who are you, and what do you want?

Scraw. I come fra Northumberland, and I leeve with my mother's brother?

Vel. And who is he, pray?

Scraw. He is my unckle.

Vel. Indeed! why, I should have guessed as much; but what is your name, and what is his name?

Scraw. My name is Robin Scrawky, and my unckle is Andrew M'Sillergrip, and is a vera greet merchant, and deels in a vareety of articles;—watches and clothes, rings and books, images and wigs, swords and plate dishes, and evera thing yees can meentshan and think of, and he gees a yuet of money till tha folks comes and takes em again—and he leeves at the three balls—

Vel. Oh! what, he is a pawn-broker?

Scraw. Ees, and he tak me prentis till him to learn his art and meestery, but I want to be a

play actor ; I play'd Octavian once, to the great delect of the audience, but not of my unckle, wha threeten'd to persecute the manager. " Oh ! Flowanthe, Flowanthe ! "

Vel. Well, but what do you want with me ?

Scraw. I wush yees to hide ma from ma unckle ; if he comes after ma to seek ma. Oh dear, Oh dear, I hope he will not find me.

Vel. Well, you can go up stairs, you will find a back staircase also, by which you can make your escape if necessary. But how am I to know your uncle ?

Scraw. If unckle comes, yees will easily know him by his strong, braid, abomineable Scotch accent ; he has not ta'en truble to poleish hissel like ma, having no talents for the stage. " Oh, Flowanthe, Flowanthe ! " *[Exit with his bundle up stairs, when directly he is seen entering the room above, where he changes his dress to represent his uncle, but before he begins, he says in his natural voice, as Multiple, Now I'll disguise myself and go before him in the character of my uncle ; but while I change my dress, I'll deceive him by spouting. (loud) Oh ! Flowanthe Flowanthe, &c. (spouting from Octavian, while changing dress. Meanwhile Velenspeck below, after listening some time, sits down.*

Vel. I do not hear any body coming, I may as well answer Pennyless' letter. *(Scrankie still spouting above)* He seems to have forgot his fright and is rehearsing Octavian in the Mountaineers.

(Scranky above, " Out bawble, let me kiss thee, sweet Flowanthe ! "

Vel. Curse the booby ! what a noise he makes

up there, I cannot write for him.—[*Scrankie exit from above.*]

Enter below, MULTIPLE as M'SILLERGRIP, in a great passion.

Sil. I have come after a silly Loon of a fallow that has escapeet fra me a preentis, and I am judging I've just cam to the reecht place to fin him ; far hees just wud to ack heer in thir show of yours ; but I weel ha him oot of sic lik paw-keries—

Vel. Sir, I am not auswerable for the young man's taste—

Sil. Taste ! Hoot awa, mon, wi' yer taste. I am a greet Merchan and leeves just at the corner of ae street, and just lets people hav siller in ther need, by leaving some of ther worldly geer with me, and am the cheil's unckel forbye—

Vel. Oh ! I see ; you are a PAWN-BROKER.

Sil. And ye are a MONAGEER, as ye ca' yersel ; and is not a pawn-broker just as good, and a ween bit better, til a monageer, wha wants to keep a decent mon fra his lawful apreentis ? I wud haav ye to ken that I am decended fra an anceent family, wha for generations bok—

Vel. Stop, sir, stop ; I do not want to hear your pedigree, for it would take too long for a Scotch washer woman to trace her pedigree ; ha ! ha !

Sil. Then, sir, I would just instil intil ye that I could buy and seel ye out ; sic a monageer !

Vel. Sir, I would have you know—

Sil. Hoot awa, hoot awa, with yer gibberish, never attempt to scrawn yer gibberish on me,

Vel. Gibberish ; sir ?

Sil. Yes, gibberish ; just gibberish—so give me my appreentis.

Vel. I am not accountable for your apprentice; but why did you not take care that he did not escape ?

Sil. I was just on the point of sending him to Holland, for the benefect of the saut water, for he's just wud red mad. I catchet him t'other day boeing to the images, and caaing 'em right reverent Seniors, and approvut gude masters—then he was gritting about his father's ghaist—

Vel. Oh, then he was Hamlet, I suppose.

Sil. Homlet ! I never heard of that chiel before—but my nevew wad, ua doot.

Vel. Well, but I am afraid you have not taken proper meaus with him, and treated him with paternal kindness.

Sil. I have done every thing for him, and treated him with marks of affection ;—why when he has been oot on his cantrips, I have locket him oot of the hoos, and gard him hide in the street all neecht.—I have gard him sleep on the bare boords all neecht.—I have flogg'd him within the inch of his life.—I have—

Vel. Why that was a striking way of showing him mark'd attention, indeed—

Sil. Yes, yes ; well if you will not gi him up, Mrs. M'Sillergrip will be here.

Vel. And what the devil do I care for Mrs. M'Sillergrip ?

Sil. Car for her ! She'll gar ye car for her ; he has been watchet into this hoos, and when she comes, she'll give you siccan a dirll wi' her tongue she'll gar the vera hair to start fra yer

heed; she'll talk to you; she's got siccan a tongue—

Vel. That I suppose you had rather she had ran away instead of your apprentice; but step up stairs and you will find such a one as you describe.

Sil. I'll find him I warrant me. [Exit.]

(In a moment voices are heard as on the stairs, from M'Sillergrip and Scrawky, alternately and quick.)

Scraw. Oh! my prophetic sawl, my unckle.

Sil. (beating him.) I'll teach you to spout, you rascal.

Scraw. Oh Unckle, Unckle, don't wallop me, don't wallop me; Oh! Oh! *(great confusion.)*

Vel. He has found him, I hear, and giving him some more striking marks of his paternal affection.

Enter MULTIPLE as Mrs. M'SILLERGRIP.

Vel. Mercy on me, who have we here?

Mrs. S. (In a shrill voice) Oh you abominable man! I know you. Ah! Oh! Ah *(squeals)*

Vel. Let me assure you madam, I—I *(advancing towards her.)*

Mrs. S. (Screams.) Keep off, keep off; no man shall touch me; I know you, I know you; where is Mr. M'Sillergrip? I shall faint, *(Vel. advancing)* keep off, keep off; I can faint without your help.

Vel. The person you are enquiring for—*(approaching her)*

Mrs. S. (Screams violently.) Ah! Oh! keep off, keep off; *(striking him with her fan)* I know

you, you ought to be lash'd thro' the town. Oh!
Ah ! (*screaming*)

Vel. In the room up stairs, madam, you will find the objects of your search.

Mrs. S. It will be well for you if I do—keep off, keep off; I always carry my point.

Vel. (*Rubbing his face.*) Yes, I know you do; but, my dear madam, (*advancing*)

Mrs. S. Keep off; no female is safe in your company; keep off, keep off, I know you.

[*Exit as up stairs.*]

The voices of all three are now heard, almost speaking together, in altercation, till they die gradually away. When immediately enters

• MULTIPLE as a Drunken Coachman.

Coach. I say mis, mis, mister, where's the Scotch folks as I dr, dr, drove from Dover?

Vel. I know nothing about them, pray what do you want with 'em?

Coach. Vy I be the job that drove them to this here pl, pl, place, do you see; and if so be they arnt here, vy I can't t, t, take them back—but I set them down here, so I look to you for my pay—so I'll go and get a glass and be back directly.

Vel. You look like a job that is pretty near done; you have had a glass too much already.

Coach. Yes, I be a Glass Coachman, and I have a right to take as many glasses as I please.

Vel. Well, the persons you seek are up stairs, and I will go and bring them.

Coach. Do, I'll just sit me down till they come.

[*Exit Vel. and returns immediately.*]

Vel. They are not there ; they must have gone out of the back door.

Coach. Then you must pay me.

Vel. I pay you ! what claim have you upon me for payment ? I knew nothing about them ; they have departed very suddenly.

Coach. Then I suppose you would like to see them, wou'd you not ?

Vel. Why yes, I must confess I should.

Coach. Why then you shall (*throws off his great coat and large hat, unperceived by Vel. and appears as Mrs. M'Sillergrip.*)

Mrs. S. Keep off, keep off, (*squeaking,*) I know you, Oh ! Oh !

Vel. Mrs. M'Sillergrip ! ! in propria persona, as I live !

(*Multiple then throws off the long cloak and cap, &c. of Mrs. M'Sil. and appears as Mr. M'Sillergrip.*)

Sil. Now, sir, do you mean to give up my nephew or not, sir, do you ken me ?

Vel. What ! you Mrs. M'Sillergrip and Mr. M'Sillergrip ?—why I suppose you are Robin Scrawky, and the Frenchman, and—

Mul. Yes sir, and Mathew Stuffy too ; (*here throws off the disguise of Mr. M'Sillergrip and appears as Scrawky.*)

Scraw. I have a strong propenseety for the stage, " Oh Flowanthe, Flowanthe," &c. &c.

(*He then quickly changes to French Tragedian.*)

French. N'importe ; Hamlet for you, Hamlet for me.

(Changes to Mathew Stuff.)

Stuff. Do you lot see how I squilt, I klew the immortal Mr. Garrick, dead ald deceased, you had better slap me up.

Vel. Amazement! But who the Devil are you, in reality?

Mul. *(changing to his proper character.)* Do you remember this letter, sir; *(showing a letter)*

Vel. Yes, sir.

Mul. Did you write that letter?

Vel. I did, sir, I confess.

Mul. And I am Mr. Multiple to whom that letter is addressed—Will you engage me now?

Vel. Yes, my friend, and on your own terms.

(Shakes hands)

Mul. I have taken this method to have your and this audience's opinion *(turning to the audience)* whether I am or not

AN ACTOR OF ALL WORK,

and shall always be happy to receive such reward as they think I merit.

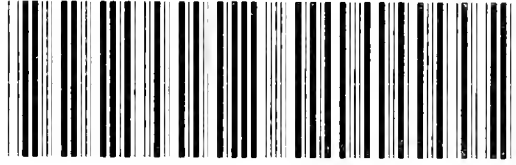
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